

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW TO BE RE-SISTED AT ALL HAZARDS.

BOSTON, (Penn.) Oct. 16, 1850.

Dear Garrison:—

Just as I had a meeting in this place, to consider the fugitive slave law, and to arouse the people to resist its execution, the following resolution was adopted:—

Resolved, That the man or woman who, by the aid of any person, shall refuse to help to escape from slavery by running away, or by such means as are in their opinion, are right, and best adapted to the circumstances, shall be treated as a KIDNAPPER, and a traitor to God and Humanity.

Resolved, That any man who, as judge, commissioner, marshal, deputy marshal, or assistant, or who, in any way, officially or unofficially, shall aid or abet the execution of the fugitive slave law, is a dead-end to the virtue, peace and security of our country, and ought to be treated in the same manner as a KIDNAPPER, and a traitor to God and Humanity.

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TRIP THROUGH CENTRAL VIRGINIA.

CHESTER CO., PA., 9th mo., 1850.

FRIEND GARRISON:

Having just returned from a trip through central Virginia, I find it necessary to look over some of the best numbers of the Liberator, to ascertain the state of the public mind relative to the all-absorbing question of the day—American Slavery.

I find that every part of the North, in which the least spark of independent manhood remains unextinguished, speaks forth, in thunder tones, against the damnable emanation from the pandemonium of our country, the Fugitive Slave Bill. A voice speaks out throughout the country, that legislation now, no more than when the fires burnt around the stake at Smithfield to enforce a more hellish mandate, shall trample on the conscientious feelings of men in whose bosoms the fire of humanity continues to glow.

Daniel Webster may inspire his mind with his favorite beverage till he is drunk, and, in the degradation of that inspiration, may reason on what is constitutional and what is unconstitutional, till the cold mortar of earth is opened to engulf his haggard remains, and take the wretched example of typified humanity from among men; but while there are men in the North uncontaminated by his intemperance and sensuality, while there are men who do not smother up the elements of manhood common to our race, there will be those (and I feel that I am only expressing a willingness to perform an imperative duty when I say that, though within two miles of the Maryland line, I will be one of them) who, regardless of this God-defying law, will take in the flying bandman, will feed him from their store, and aid him on from oppression's dark domain.

In my journey through Maryland and Virginia, I found the constant cry among the inhabitants was, 'Stop my slaves! This is the most favorable season of the year for their leaving their masters, as they can subsist on fruits, vegetables, &c., with which the country abounds, while on their journey northward. Passing through Baltimore, Fredericktown, Harper's Ferry, Lexington and Staunton, I saw that advertisements were posted in almost every tavern, offering rewards for runaways—sometimes as high as \$200. One of these specimens of Satanic avariciousness now lies before me. I tore it down in a tavern on the 30th ult., ten days after it was printed, and preserved it as a specimen of Southern humanity to show to my friends. It is headed, in large letters, 'SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD,' under which is pictured a negro woman, about five inches high on the paper, with a bundle in her hand. She is represented as sitting on a stump, looking back into the bushes; no doubt to see if she was pursued by any one. I did not see Webster after her, but he might have been appropriately pictured in the bushes, as the Constitution will require him to 'perform the disagreeable duty.' At least, if Daniel is on the lookout, he can have the privilege of enforcing his favorite law, and getting the above reward. He will bear in mind that 'she is about 25 years of age, rather tall, and quick spoken.' This is the whole description, independent of the articles of clothing she took with her, and her name. Now, a man as familiar with black women as Mrs. Swinburn intimates Mr. Webster to be, certainly can find a person answering this description, and if so, let him send word to the owner, that your State authorities may arrest her, and send her back. It will cost him nothing; he has fixed it so that Uncle Sam pays the bill.

But, to turn from a character so treacherous to liberty, and contemplate more noble souls. The slaves are not without some generous sympathy in their attempts to escape, even in the southern parts of Virginia. Here, like the refreshing spring of water in the parched desert, may we hear of some noble specimens of manhood, who, as it were, in the very jaws of the gnashing demons of oppression, dare to rescue the down-trodden sons of Ethiopia, and conduct them through the accursed snares that the emissaries of Satan are ever laying to entrap the victims of their fiendish avarice.

One such noble soul was arrested, some two months since, tried for the abduction of a slave belonging to a man near the Natural Bridge, and sentenced to six years in the Penitentiary. His name, I think, was McVey, a native of Connecticut, who went South peddling medicines, pills, &c. I learned the above by accident, having overtaken the owner of the slave in the road one day, near Lexington, Va. I learned from him the following:—That he owned about 700 acres of land—worked it principally by slaves—made from twenty-five to thirty barrels of apple brandy per year from his own fruit, &c. He was a miserable old specimen of what indolence, insolence, rum-drinking, tobacco-chewing and slaveholding will make of a man who might have been human. He told me that his slave ran away about a year ago, and had been lurking about Lexington most of the time since, until about two months ago, when this 'Yankee pill pedlar' engaged to take him to the North. They both set out, on foot, for Staunton, thirty miles distant, where they took the stage for Winchester, ninety miles further north. They passed as master and travelling servant; but suspicions being excited in Staunton as to whether these relations did exist between them, an open letter was sent with the way bill to Winchester, ordering them to be arrested on their arrival in that place. But the villainous driver, eager to be himself the author of the cowardly deed, had them both arrested and thrown into jail at Harrisonburg, twenty-two miles on their journey. After repeated questionings of the black man, and extensively circulated information around the country, the old wretch said he 'heard of his nigger,' and went and brought him and McVey back to Lexington, Rockbridge county, where the latter stood his trial, and was sentenced to six long years in the loathsome dungeon. As he triumphantly repeated the sentence, he drew up his bloated carcass, contracted the muscles of his flabby cheeks, rolled his blood-shot eyes, and with a fiendish grin, which exposed his tobacco-stained teeth, seemed to exult in hellish glee over the damning deed. Never before did I behold a clearer figure of that being whose attributes I learned in the days of my youth, under the name of 'the bad man.' A thousand thoughts flew through my mind at once. A kindred spirit thrown into prison for giving vent to the same feelings that lie within my own breast! Six years cut off of the existence of an intelligent man, as a freeman, because he yielded to the instincts of humanity in behalf of a down-trodden brother!

Let Webster and Clay and Foote, and all their host of kindred spirits here, or in the pit of dark despair, exult in this triumph of law over humanity. Let them sing praises to their god of slavery. Let them rejoice that the mandate of the Author of our existence is annulled by their most holy Constitution and god of slavery. Let them appoint a feast and make merry, that humanity is overcome by the emissaries of his Satanic Majesty, in accordance with the laws of 'our most glorious Union.' Their day will be for a season; the hand-writing will yet appear on the wall. As there is a God in heaven to superintend a progressive universe, a brighter sun must yet rise upon the world. The Gentils of Liberty must yet go forth among the children of men, and when their soul-eating spirit will have thrilled every heart, the memory of the imprisoned, persecuted friend of humanity, who now lies in a Richmond dungeon, shall be a treasure to every breast, and a theme of praise for every tongue; while to the lowest depths of dark disgrace his inhuman persecutors shall agonize beneath the righteous anathemas of a liberty-loving, tyrannical people.

Daniel Webster has said, in times past, that if he were a friend, who has spent the past session of Congress in Washington, that some of Webster's most brilliant speeches are made when he is only just able to stand up without staggering, in consequence of his free use of intoxicating drinks.

could feel that it would be recorded upon his tombstone, that he was a man who had devoted his life to the best interests of his country, he would feel that he was amply rewarded for all the labors of his life. His only hope for such a thing must now be that mankind are on the retrograde, and that when they shall have descended to the unprienced degradation to which he has reduced himself, they will be prepared to profane the marble block with the 'big round lie.' But as there is little hope for this retrograde in a progressive being, his only alternative is to purchase the block now, as was advised, I think, some years ago, in the Liberator. And even then, if his infamous life of 1850 is recorded in the annals of history, the free-born sons of future generations will tear the giant lie from the clear white stone, and let it lie with kindred kinds, uncounted with such false inscription.

Could the rock of the mountain bear forward the lie, While Freedom's clear fountain was rising close by? The marble, the granite, what'er it might be, Would detect it, would shun it, in the face of the free. And as Freedom would sigh o'er the false sculptured stone, Her sons standing by would its letters detest; Then the rock of the mountain stands in freedom the same.

As before the false sculptor ordained it to shame; And the sons of the brave, as they passed by the stone, Would forget 'twas the grave where the traitor had gone. His memory shall rot from the annals of fame, As a traitor forgot in the depths of his shame.

I left the old wretch before alluded to with gloomy forebodings. Previously, I had enjoyed the scenery, and not seeing many slaves at work in the fields, nor any cruelities inflicted on them, I did not fully appreciate the society I was in; but this weighed on my feelings for hours. Perhaps this prisoner has friends at home, whom he has had no opportunity of informing why he has not come home. Probably there are sisters looking for him, who look in vain. If so, I hope this letter may be of service to them. When I came home, and found myself liable to fine and imprisonment, at the home of my childhood, I was induced to reflect upon the authors of this abominable law. I look upon Daniel Webster as the great head of the gang, and for this reason hold him up to the contempt of the world.

A few days after the above conversation took place with the old slave-monger near Lexington, I happened in company with another Virginian, who, with me, had the following conversation, which will illustrate their ideas relative to the best method of capturing runaways. After informing him which was my native State, he inquired, 'Are you from Hancock county?' to which I answered negatively. He continued (after some preliminary remarks) saying, 'I, in company with three others, was up in Hancock county a few years ago, and kicked up a devil of a rumpus, getting back a runaway slave, of whom eight had left the neighborhood. We pretended to be hunting cattle,—put up at a tavern in the neighborhood of a Methodist camp-meeting, which we attended, where we at last found one of our slaves. We watched him till he was a little distance from the crowd, when we seized him, threw him into a carriage, and drove off to a tavern, where we were met by a gang of niggers and abolitionists, armed with axes, guns, clubs, stones, &c. I expected nothing else but that I should have been killed, but we all had a couple of revolvers apiece, and with these we frightened them away.' 'Ah,' said I, 'you were rather lucky, as we have many men in Pennsylvania, who would not hesitate to shoot a man in pursuit of fugitive slaves, more than they would a thief or a robber, &c. What do you think of this new law relative to fugitives?' Inquired I. 'You will not have as much difficulty getting your slaves back now, I suppose.' To which he replied soberly, 'Well, I don't see much difference. The only way to be sure of our slaves is to take them by force, as we did this man. If you go tampering with the law, these abolitionists will get them out of your hands, and then you are done with them. I don't think I would take advantage of the law.'

There are a great many slaves leaving us now in this neighborhood, and in the lower counties. Night before last, I was at Harrisonburg, (the town in which McVey was arrested,) when the stage came in, bringing a white man, a native of Massachusetts, and two black boys, whom he claimed as his slaves. He was disposed to talk, and we put numerous questions to him, until by a contradiction in his statements, we learned that he did not own the boys. He himself, seeing that he was detected, after a short time, arose and walked to the door, and not coming back, we went to look for him, but he was gone. The boys, we learned, belonged to a man near the University of Virginia, to whom they were sent, but we heard no more of the white man, although there are men on the 'look-out' for him.

Thus another man was within a 'hair's-breadth' of being imprisoned, but fortunately escaped. Slavery is not to be abolished in this way; but I heard of numerous instances of the kind, many of which were detected; and I am surprised that men risk their liberty to do good in this way. It seems almost like giving themselves up to martyrdom. Of the few who succeed in the glorious undertaking, we mostly hear of, we are ready to extend to them the hand of warmest friendship; but of those, alas! who fall victims to Southern malice, I fear we too often know nothing. The institution of slavery, like the Inquisition of Madrid, contains within its darkened walls, more fiendish tormentors than those outside the walls ever hear of; and our best plan to demolish its walls is to erect our batteries before them, upon the ground that it rests upon, and open the fire of eternal truth against the institution, till liberty is proclaimed throughout the land. Thine in behalf of freedom, E. P.

PETITIONS FOR THE REPEAL OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

It will be remembered, that by a law passed at the time of the Latimer agitation, the Commonwealth refused the use of its jails for the detention of persons claimed as slaves—a most righteous and praiseworthy act. The United States Government now threatens to punish with six months' imprisonment, the men or women of this Commonwealth who shall aid or comfort the slave, inconvenience or embarrass the slave-hunter. Let us ask of our Legislature that no State jail shall be used for such a purpose. If the Union needs jails for those who obey God, let the Union build them.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts: We, the undersigned, inhabitants of _____, respectfully ask your honorable bodies to prohibit the use of the jails of the Commonwealth for the imprisonment of any one sentenced to imprisonment under the law passed at the last session of Congress for the surrender of fugitive slaves.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States: We, the undersigned, inhabitants of _____, believing the law passed at the last session of Congress, in relation to the surrender of fugitive slaves, to be immoral, inhuman and unconstitutional, respectfully ask for its immediate repeal.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts: We, the undersigned, inhabitants of _____, believing the law passed at the last session of Congress, in relation to the surrender of fugitive slaves, to be immoral, inhuman, and unconstitutional, and subversive of all the safeguards of individual liberty, respectfully ask your honorable bodies to protest against the same, in the name of the Commonwealth, and to request the Senators and instruct the Representatives of the State to make every effort for its immediate repeal.

LETTER TO MRS. PAULINA W. DAVIS.

'Every thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigor for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity.'—SIDNEY SMITH.

I do not know, my dear Mrs. Davis, whether you will think me for addressing to you the words of encouragement which I find it necessary to give to the movement lately commenced at Worcester. But it is because I feel grateful to you, whom I do not personally know, that I find it necessary to do so. I think you for the able, prudent and graceful address which you opened the Convention. It is of immense importance that an effort of this kind should be made in a spirit of gentleness, which shall give the immediate lie to the slanders most probable concerning it. The popular idea of such a movement is, that woman expects to be reinstated in her rights by tramping upon man's—'that nothing can be claimed for her but what is stolen from him. The truth is, that woman desires merely to be left free to act according to the demands of her nature, as man is; and she desires this, not for her own sake, merely, but for the sake of the world, which she feels to be the world of civilization cannot, otherwise, go on; that the world will suffer, and its spirit grow blustering and 'mammoth' for lack of the feminine elements. What she wants is not woman's rights, but human rights; not power for herself, but for her race. The popular idea is, that the women immediately engaged in this reform expect to reap personal advantages from it. The truth is, that a more thankless task was never undertaken than theirs. Women are shocked at the thought of their own sex, who speak freely of the social evils, which grow out of the present condition of affairs, and husbands, brothers and lovers talk to those who love them best, as if no better motive than the love of notoriety could ever lead to such a result. No—it is our stern duty to insist upon the privilege of an education for women yet to be born, which we can never share; to claim that control over our own earnings which we are, few of us, in a condition to profit by; to bear witness to an influence which the world needs, without ever hoping for a wide opportunity to exert it. And I am well aware that, in spite of the womanly tone that I desire we should preserve in doing this, there will be moments when, for the sake of our down-trodden and suffering sisters, we must needs speak stern and bitter truth. I am especially anxious that those who feel as if bound to speak in this matter should show themselves womanly and delicate, and capable of fulfilling, as they should be fulfilled, the duties of mother, wife and sister. Let no slattern seek the public gaze, claiming for a wider sphere of view, when it may be easily seen that she is not faithful to the narrow field lying just about her. Let no scolding wife, nor impatient mother, bring her neglected home and moaning little ones before our view, by crying out for a license that she has already taken.

It does not seem to be generally understood that a woman's duty is determined by what are popularly called her rights. Men are little aware how much woman would help them bear the burden of life, if they had not themselves prescribed for her so low an ideal. It is the low ideal of woman's nature which prevails in society, that lies at the bottom of the most serious evils in it. I do not mean at this moment, snatched from hours of suffering which unfit me for any thorough discussion of the subject,—to speak at length of woman's possibilities; to assert that her intellect may climb like Lucifer, yet never fall; that her voice may quell a political storm, yet never grow harsh or noisy; for I hold such questions to be of small importance. When we have given to women all the advantages of education, and the same freedom of action which are given to men, it will be time enough to discuss what they may naturally become. We cannot contravene the laws of God. Let us leave woman free; and if, in her first efforts to go alone, she trip like the nursing just out of her arms, there is no fear that she will perseveringly attempt a work for which she is too weak, or desire a field of action unsuited to her natural powers. Those who are contented with the present condition of the sex, need not dread any thing that may come after. Many women who have no desire for political influence, might be driven to exert it, if they found they could defeat a Fugitive Slave Bill, but no harm can come of investing them with open and sacred responsibility in regard to matters over which they now have a secret and dangerous power.

First of all, I am desirous that the women of this country should claim fitting provision for their own education. It is a stale truth now, that the safety of a republic depends upon the intelligence of its citizens; for the time is coming when the means of education, being wholly inefficient, the welfare of this republic, and the character of its citizens, will depend chiefly on its mothers. Few persons know how difficult it is for a woman to procure an education. What is barely possible to wealth, is wholly impossible to poverty. Even men who teach mathematics and the languages to both sexes, teach them superficially to women, and take no pains to lay a solid foundation for such



For the Liberator.

STANZAS.

IN VIEW OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL.

Raise the shout of indignation,
Raise it higher yet, and higher;
Rouse a guilty slave-cursed nation,
Rouse with burning words of fire!

Where's the Pilgrim Father's spirit?
Has it slept the sleep of death?
Chains and slavery we inherit,
Boasted freedom's but a breath.

In our halls of legislation,
At the haughty Southern's nod,
Cravens have disgraced the nation,
False alike to man and God.

Men we trusted should have shielded
Freemen's rights from Slavery's grasp,
Were among the first who yielded
All that tyrants dared to ask;

And to lay on Slavery's altars
Heaven's dearest gift to man;
Giving up to chains and halters
Many a noble-hearted one.

Lasting, burning shame upon them,
As it must be, as it should;
Yet let not the people stone them,
Though no wonder if they would.

Brand their act with execration,
Scotch their souls with words of fire,
Let them feel your indignation
In a whirlwind of your ire.

Patriots' ground must now be taken,
Neutral footing there is none;
Freedom's towers of strength are shaken—
Gird your moral armor on.

Prostrate, Liberty lies bleeding
At the Southern Moloch's nod;
Fettered millions, too, are pleading—
Break the monster's iron rod!

Let New England's sons and daughters
Raise a stern, united voice,
Strong as that of many waters,
When the mountain torrents rise.

Hark! a voice from Plymouth Rock
Through New England's hills goes forth,
Speaking of the tyrant's yoke,
And of sacred Freedom's worth.

The "cave that comes from Bunker Hill,
From Lexington, and Concord too,
Cries "Dismantle the bloody bill,
And to the winds its fragments strew."

Let the fires on Freedom's altars
Hotter, higher, brighter burn,
And the drivelling soul who falters,
From the ranks of freemen spurn.

Hear not ye the boundman's wailing?
See ye not the mother's grief?
Shall their tears be unavailing?
Shall we proffer no relief?

Burning tears we have for Kosuth,
Tears for Greece and Poland's fall;
Where are now our tears for millions
Of our own in Slavery's thrall?

When of freedom proudly vaunting,
Of its beauties, of its bliss;
Other nations, sneering, taunting,
May remind us of this.

When we would condolence send them,
May they not rebuke us thus:—
"Where's your own oppressed? Defend them,
Ere you learn to pity us!"

O New England! how much longer
Shall your soil be hunting-grounds
For the soul and body monger,
With his bowie-knife and hounds?

Rise, at once, in moral grandeur,
Scare man-hunters from their prey,
Shield the fugitives who wander;
God forbideth to bewray.

Never to their captors yield them—
Get the people's feelings right,
This will most securely shield them,
There shall be no need to smite.

Yet, if need be, it were better
One should sleep beneath the sod,
Than to help replace the fetter
On the image of his God.

I have faith in moral weapons,
As an antidote for strife;
He who takes the sword but cheapens
Human dignity and life.

Give us for the work what's wanted,
Firmness—unity of will;
Slavery's dirge will then be chanted,
And its advocates be still.

Even now its knell is tolling;
Hear ye not the swelling sound,
O'er New England's hill-tops rolling,
Echo answering all around?

Let us give consent no longer
That a brother may be sold
By the soul and body monger,
On the auction-block for gold.

Heaven hasten the completion
Of the struggle now begun;
And let Slavery's abolition
Peacefully and soon be won.

Fall River.

For the Liberator.

THE "ONE".

Wedded at midnight!
Numberless guests!
Crown of white shining,
Near altar and priest.

In the new Temple,
Aisles filled with light,
Pillars reared upward,
Lofly in height.

Kneeling in silence,
Awe'd by the hush,
Solemnly blending,
Souls upward rush.

Above are uplifted
Pinions of Prayer,
Noiselessly sweeping
Over all there.

"One"—in that Temple,
Written with tears,
Changeless the record,
Eternally there.

Witnesses—record—
Priest—sacred to one,
Light flashing stronger
A holy "Amen."

Wedded at midnight,
Temple of light,
Soul's deep emotions
In pillars of light.

Cross near the altar,
Suffering and Faith

Subliming the holy,
Untouched by death.
Spirit the Temple,
Angels the guests,
Immortal the wedded,
God the great Priest.

The Liberator.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT ABINGTON.

One of the One Hundred A. S. Conventions now in progress in this State was held in the Town Hall in Abington, on Sunday, Oct. 20th.

The Convention was called to order at 10 1-2 o'clock, by Lewis Ford, Bourne Spooner, of Plymouth, was chosen President, and Elbridge Sprague, Secretary. Lewis Ford and Briggs Arnold were chosen a committee on Finance.

After an opportunity had been given for prayer, the Convention was addressed by Wendell Phillips, in a most earnest and eloquent manner, on the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law. He showed by the plainest and most convincing arguments and facts, that the law was not only in itself wicked, and opposed to every principle of justice and humanity, and a law to be resisted at all and every hazard, but also, that it was grossly unconstitutional, and that it was the duty of every citizen who had any regard for that instrument, to trample its requirements under his feet. The remarks of Mr. Phillips were listened to with profound attention, and evidently produced a deep impression upon the numerous audience. He was followed by Mr. Foster, on the same topic. Although the hour of adjournment had nearly arrived, yet Mr. F., by the eloquence and earnestness of his remarks, enchaind the attention of the audience for nearly an hour.

At the close of Mr. Foster's speech, the Convention adjourned, to meet again at 1 1-2 o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION. Met according to adjournment. The exercises were commenced with a song by Mr. J. L. Wales and his two sons, who, being unexpectedly present, charmed and electrified the audience by their sweet vocal and instrumental music. The Convention was then addressed by Mrs. Foster, in a speech of two hours, in which she gave a clear and forcible exposition of the progress and encroachments of the Slave Power, from the adoption of the Constitution to the present time. It was a speech of great power, and was listened to with deep attention.

Another anti-slavery song was then sung by the Wales family, after which a collection, amounting to nearly twenty dollars, was taken in aid of the cause, when the meeting adjourned to 6 1-2 o'clock.

EVENING SESSION. The Convention met agreeably to adjournment, Mr. Spooner, the President, in the Chair.

The following resolutions were offered by Mr. Phillips:

Resolved, That in our view, the law relative to fugitive slaves, recently passed by Congress, is palpably and grossly unconstitutional, and outrages all the most sacred principles of justice; and that we claim of every one who professes to love the Constitution, that he make every effort to save the nation from the disgrace of such a statute, and redeem the Constitution from this foul aggression on its most valuable and sacred principles.

Resolved, That law or no law, Constitution or no Constitution, with jury trial or without, no fugitive who has once breathed the air and touched the soil of Massachusetts, shall ever be carried back to bondage. Resolved, That duty to God and to humanity bids us to do for the protection of others, what we would do for our own protection and that of our families; and hence we claim of every one, that he shall stand ready to use for the protection of the slave, the same means which he would use in behalf of himself or his family.

The resolutions were ably and eloquently spoken to by Mr. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, and adopted by the crowded audience, without a single dissenting voice.

The meetings, through the day and evening, were unquestionably the largest and most enthusiastic anti-slavery meetings ever held in town, and mark an era in the anti-slavery cause in this vicinity.

At 9 o'clock, the Convention adjourned, sine die.

BOURNE SPOONER, President.

E. SPRAGUE, Secretary.

North Abington, Oct. 23, 1850.

ANOTHER EMPHATIC TESTIMONY.

LEONIMSTER, 10th mo. 21st, 1850.

MY DEAR GARRISON:

Day before yesterday, I came, by invitation, to this place, and in the evening of that day and the afternoon and evening of yesterday, addressed the people assembled in the Town Hall, on the subject of slavery and our relations to it, and particularly on the late enactment of our pro-slavery Congress, called the Fugitive Slave Law. I endeavored, so far as my ability could go, to do justice to the prominent features of that iniquitous statute, and at the close of my remarks last evening, I submitted to the numerous assembly, which had been listening to me with fixed attention, the following series of resolutions. They were adopted by an unanimous and emphatic vote. As one of them contains an approval and endorsement of the resolutions adopted in Faneuil Hall on Monday evening last, I read those resolutions before putting the question, dwelling with deliberate emphasis on that one, the last of the Boston series, which was offered by Colver, and declares that, Constitution or no Constitution, law or no law, we will not suffer the fugitive to be taken back from Massachusetts. The response of the audience was given with a heartiness of tone which told well for the humanity and conscience of Leonimster, and would have been cheering to the spirits of the dying and hunted slaves, could they have heard it.

Truly yours,

C. C. BURLEIGH.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That of the many base and wicked acts which prove the mean subservience of Northern politicians to the Slave Power, and the grossly demoralizing and degrading influence of the alliance of the North with Southern slavery, none is deeper in baseness, more atrocious in wickedness, more richly worthy of the abhorrence of all humane and honest men, than the late enactment of Congress, familiarly known as the Fugitive Slave Law.

Resolved, That we regard that law as at once iniquitous, inhuman and unconstitutional; and that we are bound by every consideration of self-respect, of justice, of philanthropy and religion, to disobey, denounce and oppose it, and by all rightful means to resist its execution and procure its early repeal.

Resolved, That we hereby pledge ourselves to each other, and to all who are put in peril by the operation of this infamous statute, never to obey it, never to aid in enforcing it, and never to omit a known opportunity of counteracting and defeating its unwholesome purposes.

Resolved, That in this law we have another exhibition of the character of slavery and its upholders, and another proof that they respect neither right, nor humanity, nor Constitution, neither Republicanism nor Christianity, neither the interests of the North and of Freedom, nor the honor of the nation, when these offer any hindrance to the success of their vile and selfish schemes.

Resolved, That we heartily approve and endorse the resolutions—especially the last—adopted by the citizens of Boston at their recent enthusiastic meeting in Faneuil Hall; and that we trust the sentiments and purposes which they avow will find a cordial and unanimous response throughout the Commonwealth.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

One of the One Hundred Anti-Slavery Conventions now being held in different parts of New England, commenced its sessions in Northwell's Hall, in Danversville, Ct., the 26th and 27th ult. The objects of the Convention were briefly explained by Samuel May, Jr., General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, after which Dr. James B. Whitcomb, of Brooklyn, was chosen President of the Convention, and Dr. Charles L. Fisk, of Danversville, Secretary.

The following are the resolutions that were discussed by Messrs. May, C. C. Burleigh, Hutchins, Fisk, Warren and Converse, and adopted by the meeting:

Resolved, That the anti-slavery enterprise is eminently a religious, a Christian enterprise—based on the Christian doctrine of human brotherhood, and aiming at making every where present the Christian law, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you"; and that no day, no place, no office is too holy to be employed in earnest effort for the promulgation of its principles and the prosecution of its measures.

Resolved, That the late enactment of Congress, known as the Fugitive Slave Law, is unconstitutional, unjust, and atrociously wicked; and that it is not only our right, but our duty, and our fixed and solemn purpose, to disobey it, and, to the extent of our ability, by all rightful means, to resist and prevent its execution.

Resolved, That though the statute in question is palpably unconstitutional in the means it employs, it is nevertheless constitutional in its object, and naturally results from the pro-slavery compromises of the Constitution.

Resolved, That recognizing the paramount authority of God's law, as written on our inmost nature and on the pages of Scripture, and finding in it a plain prohibition of the delivery of fugitive slaves to those who claim them, we hereby declare our fixed determination that, whether the statute be constitutional or not, we will not deliver unto his master the slave who has escaped from his master unto us; and to the utmost of our power, we will prevent his recapture.

JAMES B. WHITCOMB, President.

CHARLES L. FISK, Secretary.

MEETING IN LEICESTER.

At a meeting held in Leicester on Saturday evening, Oct. 19th, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the people of the free States may well congratulate themselves, that in opposing a late law of Congress, denominated the "Fugitive Slave Bill," they are not left to the painful alternative of either violating a constitutional law or the dictates of conscience, knowing, as we do, that this odious law is alike repugnant to our Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and every dictate of humanity. Therefore,

Resolved, That we form ourselves into a "Committee of the Whole," for the protection of any "fugitive" who may happen among us; and if pursued for the purpose of capture or re-capture, we will use all our constitutional right and constitutional might for his or her protection.

Resolved, That although we do not fear the operation of this law in Massachusetts, and so far as we or the slaves are concerned, we never seek for its repeal, and would be willing that it should remain as long as its authors choose, as a monument of the wickedness of those who voted for it, and the cowardice of those who dodged a vote; yet, as a blot and disgrace upon our statute book, we demand its speedy repeal.

After the passage of the above resolutions, the following gentlemen were elected officers of Leicester Freedom Club, for the ensuing year:—

President—ABRAM FIRTH, Esq.
Vice Presidents—Wm. M. Rice, Dwight Bacon.
Recording Secretary—J. Waldo Denny.
Corresponding Secretary—George D. Merriam.
Treasurer—Alonso White.

Executive Committee—Loyal G. Dickinson, Billings Swan, Samuel W. Kent, Heman M. Burr, Samuel Ward, Willard Howe, Milton Rockwood, Phineas Haile, Samuel Firth.

WM. M. RICE, Chairman.

J. WALDO DENNY, Secretary.

Leicester, Oct. 21, 1850.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL.

NEWBURYPORT, Oct. 17th, 1850.

ME EDITOR:

TO WHAT cause may be attributed the coldness and complacency with which the people of the North look upon that abominable—I might say damnable—act of Congress, the "Fugitive Slave Bill"? Is it possible that the lethargy or stupidity, which, resting upon many of the communities of the old world, has compelled them to bear, donkey like, the burdens and oppressions put upon them, is settling upon us? Have we lost the spirit that animated our fathers in the days of the Revolution? Are the great principles for which they struggled not worthy of a struggle now? Do we really possess those principles, and if so, are they not quitted by the magnetic influence of cotton and commerce?—names happily less known in former days. Shall we acknowledge to ourselves and the world, that torism, the exception and infamy of those days, has become the rule and the pride of these? If not, let us look about ourselves, for, notwithstanding our boasted liberty, we are not free.

Our liberty has been stricken down! The relentless hand of slavery, not content with its former victims, is riveting its manacles upon our limbs, even in New England! This is not a mere thoughtless assertion, but the truth, although we may not be willing to realize it.

When the poor hungry and exhausted fugitive cries to us for succor, even though he may have suffered from a Brown, and manifested his heroic endurance; or if he possesses the rare and exalted genius of a Douglass, we are not free to obey the highest and holiest impulses of our hearts and of humanity, and give him aid. When the miserable tools of tyrant slaveholders come among us, to tear a brother from his wife and children, and bear him away in fetters to the untold horrors of slavery, we are not free to lift a finger for his rescue. We are not free to obey the written word of God, which commands us not to deliver up the captive. Nay, we are not free to obey that "higher law," so scouted by the spurious Christianity of the age, but which, nevertheless, exists in the bosom of every true, upright man, and has existed in all ages, to the sore discomfiture of tyrants and bigots.

Why! the language of indignation and execration has become almost exhausted in denouncing that law of the infant colonies which prohibited the harboring of Quakers; and shall this accursed slavery frighten us into a repetition of the execrable barbarities of a past century? Where, then, are the whipping-post, the rack, the faggot and the cross? "But the Constitution," say many who have no other God, "the requirements of the Constitution must be observed." Does the Constitution demand, then, or even sanction such a law? If so, we cannot but look upon it as a mighty Juggernaut, crushing thousands beneath its wheels, and fit only to be demolished.

But if we admit, as we may, that the Constitution does not sanction it, we are driven to the other alternative—that slavery has taken a bold and monstrous stride towards our homes and happiness. If it be so, the very thought, it seems to me, should be sufficient to arouse us all, and cause our sluggish Northern blood to rush wild and vehement through our veins. Let us resist the law, then, in every possible way, at all times; let us resist it as individuals, as towns, and as States; for resistance to any law is a virtue, when that law is repugnant to the will of God, and adverse to the interests of humanity.

PILGRIM.

NATHANIEL S. LITTLEFIELD.

ALBANY, Me., Oct. 21, 1850.

MR. EDITOR:

In the report of the Anti-Slavery Convention at Valley Falls, N. Y., which appeared in the Liberator of the 11th inst., is a resolution stating, as a matter of congratulation, that no New England Representative, except Samuel A. Eliot, of Boston, voted for the recent Fugitive Slave Bill. This, I think, is a mistake. If current report is correct—and I have not seen it disputed—Mr. Eliot was not the only misrepresentative from New England who voted for that infamous Bill. There are two, at least, from this State,—Nathaniel S. Littlefield, from the 1st, and Elbridge Gerry, from the 4th District,—Democrats. (?) A few years ago, this Littlefield headed a mob, for the purpose of breaking up an anti-slavery meeting in Bridgton, Maine, which cost him a heavy fine. This fact was related to me by a friend of Mr. L., who gloried in the deed; and I relate it here to illustrate what always proves to be the case, that an unprincipled legislator is always a reckless civilian. A New England man in Congress, who will give his influence and vote in support of slavery, as a private citizen and neighbor, will commit any outrage on the rights of his fellow-men;—under equal influences, will not scruple to act the midnight assassin. Slavery is this principle to more. Why will not the public apply this principle to such a reception on their return from Congress as the Austrian woman-whipper met from the brewers of London—or, at least, let scorn and contempt take the place of brooms and brickbats? Woman-whipping, merely, is a mercy, compared to the wrongs which slavery inflicts upon its victims, and these men use their influence to extend and perpetuate the system indefinitely. Why is a man criminated in public for a private deed, when a public act of ten times the enormity does not effect his private and social standing? It is a desperate state of public morality, that will permit intellectual accomplishments to make raceability respectable; and yet, New England can claim no better in 1850.

But there is one consolation which the passage of this monstrous law brings to the fugitive and his friends. A gun too heavily charged is equally dangerous at both ends. The rebound is sure to make the sportsman repent his bargain, while the game may possibly escape unharmed. Now, be it known, that the slave-hunters of this republic have loaded their gun too heavily, and it will recoil upon themselves. The Fugitive Slave Bill has already done more to arouse the indignation of the people of the free States, and creating opposition to slavery and the South, than any one thing for the last fifty years. Why, here in Maine, old partisans, "died in the wool," who have been accustomed for fifty years to regard the Constitution of the United States second only to the Bible, declare openly that they will take down the guns that their fathers used at Bunker Hill, if need be, to defend the fugitive from his pursuer, whoever he may be, notwithstanding he comes clothed with constitutional powers. They have the sagacity to see that this Bill strips away every safeguard to their own liberty, that it empowers the ruffian to invade the sanctity of their own hearth-stones, and "summarily" to surrender the ties of the family circle, with greater impunity than he could take his horse or cow. They will adopt the motto of the Revolution, that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God"; that,

"Though we break our fathers' promise, we have nobler duties first."

The traitor to humanity is the traitor most accursed; Man is more than Constitutions; better rest beneath the sod.

Than be true to Church and State, while we are doubly false to God.

A. J. GROVER.

*This mistake we have already corrected.—Ed.

APPEAL.

TO THE CITIZENS OF BOSTON AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

The Committee of Vigilance, appointed at a late meeting of the citizens of Boston and its neighborhood, held in Faneuil Hall on the 14th Oct., to consider the condition of the fugitive slaves and other colored inhabitants of Boston, in relation to the new Fugitive Slave Bill, have entered upon the duty assigned them, and now desire to inform the public of what they have already done, and to ask their aid in carrying out certain measures agreed upon.

They have organized themselves by appointing Timothy Gilbert, President; Francis Jackson, Treasurer; and Charles List, Secretary. They have a Committee of Finance, an Executive Committee, a Legal Committee, and a Committee of Special Vigilance and Alarm. They have also added one hundred persons to their number, so that now the Committee consists of one hundred and fifty persons.

The Committee deem it proper to state, that in consequence of the enactment of the new Fugitive Slave Law, a great many fugitives who formerly lived in the border free States, finding themselves unsafe at home, have fled to Canada and the remote free States for shelter. Many of them have sought a refuge in Boston, perhaps having heard that our fathers took some interest in the freedom of mankind, and thinking a few sparks of manhood might burn in our hearts. It is known to the Committee, that since the arrest of the slave Hamlet, in New York, about one hundred fugitives have reached Boston. Doubtless others have come, of whom your Committee have no knowledge. Many of these persons have no present means of subsistence, for they fled off in haste and fear, glad to escape with their lives. They left behind them the little earnings they had painfully gathered while living in the free States, and brought off nothing but their manhood. They are here as strangers; they belong to a race that is oppressed, hated, despised, and now hunted down. They find it difficult to obtain employment, and so earn their subsistence without the help of others. They come amongst us as suppliants for what is the natural and recognized right of every man that is born—the right to their own bodies. They come to us trembling, and ready to perish.

The Committee take it for granted that this state of things will continue, the evil now abating, and then increasing again, so long as slavery continues in the United States. For if the present emigration of fugitives from the border free States should diminish or cease, still the number of fugitives from the slave States is large, is annually increasing, and will undoubtedly continue to increase, so that we cannot look forward to any definite time when aid will not be needed for those victims of the nation, and objects of Christian charity.

The Committee also take it for granted, that the Christian people of the North will never consent that these fugitives shall be returned in any considerable numbers, either under the present or any future law. For we cannot think that the people of Massachusetts will ever knowingly suffer any fugitive from slavery, who has earned his liberty by manly and courageous flight, to be returned to the terrible bondage he has escaped from. We are sure that the mass of the people at the North can never sink so low, become such aliens to their country, so false to their kind, so forgetful of their Father's blood, and so unfaithful to their religion, as to allow the slave hunter to clutch his victim in the midst of us, and carry him off to bondage worse than death itself.

In order to reach the present and future wants, the Committee have established an office, and appointed an agent, to whom the fugitive slave may apply, and receive such advice and assistance as his case may require. The main business of the agent will be, to obtain employment for the fugitives, and after the arrangement is known to the public, it will be easy to accomplish this.

We appeal with confidence to our fellow-citizens, asking them to aid us in this work of Christian charity. We solicit annual subscriptions to sustain the

office, and also ask for donations of clothing and money, to alleviate the present distress.

TIMOTHY GILBERT, President.
FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.
CHARLES LIST, Secretary.

Donations may be sent to the officers above named, or to the members of the Finance Committee named below:

Robert E. Apthorp, William W. Marjoram, John A. Andrew, Henry I. Bowditch, Robert Morris, Ellis Gray Loring and Samuel E. Sewall.

THE SPIRIT OF CASTE.

There is a master-spring which seems to be overlooked by those who are observing the present political phases of the country; yet it is one of highly controlling influence. It is more powerful in this country, because, its bounds not being expressly marked out by demarcations of hereditary nobility, it is more jealously exclusive on the one hand, and the other more attractive to ambition, because the attainment to it is not hopeless. It is the Spirit of Caste, the Aristocracy of Private Society. Those who come within its pale and are under its sway, are more influenced by it than by any other consideration whatever. This spirit is naturally on the side of power, and cares not for the oppressed, but is itself selfish, oppressive and crushing. The circles of high life, which bring together in one fold, under one shepherd, such spirits as Clay, Webster, Cass, &c., have a great influence on the political character and influence of these men. The world in which they live and move and where their being is a world without a God, where there is such a terrible consistency in faith and practice, that to mention the name of the Deity would be thought a solecism in good breeding, except perhaps some Senator or Premier in his cups should do so profanely.

The very air of this sphere being so manifestly opposed to all that is sublime, serious or truthful in man's nature, that it would be a glaring absurdity to act or speak like a thinking, responsible, immortal being in its midst. To a native or naturalized denizen of this sphere, there is, in a certain sense, no world beyond their own. The world without are only valued as means of ministering to their luxury, or as machines to be managed in order to secure them in their stations. And mankind consent to their supremacy. It is as important to clergy as to laity, to traveling authoresses as to fashionable belles, to Moses Stuart, the Pharisee, as to Daniel Webster, the Sadducee, (for no one would make me believe that the latter believed either in angel or spirit, or that the former was not a lineal spiritual descendant of the false doctors in the days of Jesus, who took title of mint, anise and cummin, and omitted the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy and faith.) I say it is equally important to Pharisees and Sadducees, and all the motley train who will form the grand regalia in Satan's crown in the day when he makes up his jewels, that they should be in the pale of his holy fashionable church. The loss of caste is a fear far more before the eyes of such men than the loss of their own souls, and the dishonor of their country, and that faith they affect to hold sacred. No cause that can ever risk their influence will ever receive their aid. Their religious and educational as well as their political movements are entirely controlled by this spirit. There is a power that can destroy this influence. Will the people wield it? It is more general education, not only intellectual, but moral and religious education. Already the reforms of the day are drawing together a society, before which their glory pales, and their strength withers away. Another generation, if we are faithful to our God and to ourselves, and the last shall be first, and the first last.

From the Providence Mirror.
COURT OF MAGISTRATES.
SATURDAY, Sept. 21, 1850.

Jefferson Taylor was examined on a charge of bigamy, and bound over to the grand jury to appear at the December term of Common Pleas.

A delicate point came up in this examination. It seems that there is a statute declaring marriage between a negro and mulattoes, and "whites" absolutely void, and fining the clergyman who performs the ceremony \$200, giving one half to any man (who) will take the office of informer. In this case, the woman had a mulatto mother and white father, and was neither "negro nor mulatto." If she were, it was a question whether the nullity should extend to the benefit of any man who willfully commits bigamy. It would certainly have a tendency to increase that crime. It should be mentioned that the woman was not known to have African blood in her veins by the man that married her. It was alleged by his counsel that it was on this alarming discovery that he sought a separation. It seems it was only found out by the discovery that some of her relations were black. Curry for prosecution; Rivers for defence.

MAKING A SLAVE OF A FRENCHMAN.

Our usually quiet little *vis-a-vis*, Algiers, was quite stirred up by a curious affair which occurred there on Saturday last. A man by the name of Hall, said to be a negro trader, went across the river in pursuit of a light mulatto slave, who, he said, had escaped from his master in North Carolina. On inquiring of some mischievous negro for a person of the description of him he was pursuing, Hall was pointed to an individual of dark complexion, who sat in the bar-room of Salot & Rivoli.

Approaching him, Hall asked, sportively, to see his wrist, and while making some remarks about his shirt sleeves, slipped a pair of handcuffs upon his arms, and then commenced dragging him towards the river. The poor fellow, thus unceremoniously treated, who proved to be a well-known French or Creole citizen of Algiers, of the name of Hippolyte Lieutenant, immediately raised a cry for help, and a crowd gathered around him. "Come along," cried Hall, "I know you well; you belong to Col. ——" "In North Carolina," "Je ne suis pas un negre!" exclaimed the poor Frenchman, quite lustily, appealing to his friends in the crowd to substantiate his avowment.

Here the crowd interfered, and a considerable coming up, both parties, Hippolyte and his would-be abductor, were lodged in prison. Hippolyte, however, was released after a while, and Hall was retained under a complaint for kidnapping, under the late act of the Legislature. This is certainly a strange affair, and ought to be investigated. People seem to think that there are no laws in this country, and that every man can make himself judge, jury, sheriff and executive whenever he desires.—*New Orleans Crescent*, June 24.

The "Jenny" Rage.—The New York Courier, in alluding to the present excitement in the Knickerbocker city, observes:—

"New clothes and saloons and hotels are christened 'Jenny Lind'; steamboats, locomotives, stages, and all vehicles are 'Jennys'; on 'Change they sell 'Jenny-see wheat'; the spinning 'Jenny' is eclipsed by the singing 'Jenny'; at least for this 'Jenny'-ration; people delight in tracing their 'Jenny'-alogy back into Sweden; all men seem to be studying verbs in the 'Jenny'-five case; 'Jenny'-rosity is a virtue no longer neglected; even our only military Major-Jenny-nail has surrendered to the queen; fond mothers call their babes, sportsmen their dogs and horses, farmers their cows and pigs, 'Jennys'; in short, 'Jenny' is the 'Jenny'-ric term for all these things, and for how many more, 'Jenny'-sais-qui."

The Dover Telegraph tells the following "good one":

We had the benefit of country preaching last Sabbath. As usual in the forenoon service, our worthy divine devoted a portion of his prefatory prayer to an invocation of mercy upon our national Council, and duly remembering the spirit of the departed President and our present worthy incumbent, he commenced on the cabinet, exclaiming, with great fervor, "O Lord, try to bless Daniel Webster!"

Sunday in California. It appears from advices from Sacramento, that the people of that city have passed a stringent ordinance against the violation of the Sabbath. All theatrical performances, bull-fights and equestrian exhibitions are forbidden, under a penalty of from \$100 to \$1000. Gambling saloons, drinking shops and business houses are to be closed, under a penalty of from \$100 to \$500.

A precious specimen of piety! Closing gambling saloons, drinking shops, &c. one day, and opening them six days in the week!

TRANSIENT BOARDING.

Persons visiting Boston to spend a few days will find a quiet home at my house, No. 2, Court Street. Terms, 75 cts. per day. Central Commercial at No. 238 Washington street.

JOHN M. SPEAR.

BOOKS.

BELA MARSH.

No. 25 CORNHILL.

HAS FOR SALE.

ANTHROPOLOGY; or the Science of Man, in its bearing on War and Slavery, and on Agriculture, Abolition of the Slave Trade, and on the Rights of Man and Government, in regard to these and other social wrongs; in a Series of Lectures to a Friend in England. By Henry C. Wright. Price 25 cts.

Henry C. Wright's Auto-Biography—\$1.00. Narrative of the Life of William W. Brown, a Fugitive Slave, written by himself—25 cts.

Bibb's Narrative of American Slavery—\$1.00. The Church as it is; or the Fortunate Hope of the Slave. By Parker Pillsbury—15 cts.

Nature's Divine Revelations, &c. By Andrew Jackson Davis—\$2.00. Also, The Philosophy of Spiritualism. A Vision. By the same author.

The Great Harmony, being a Philosophical Summary of the Natural, Spiritual, and Celestial Universes. Volume 1st. The Physician. By Andrew Jackson Davis. May 24.